

# Newport



# Mercury.

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## POETRY.

From Punch.

LAST APPENDIX TO "YANKEE DOODLE."

Yankee Doodle sent to town  
His goods for exhibition;  
Everybody ran him down,  
And laughed at his position;  
They thought him all the world behind;  
A gony, moff, or noodle;  
Laugh on, good people—never mind—  
Says quiet Yankee Doodle,  
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle had a craft,  
A rather tidy clipper,  
And he challenged while they laughed,  
The brethren to whip her.  
Their whole vessel squall on she outpied,  
And that on their own water;  
Of all the lot she went a head,  
And they can't nowhere arise.  
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

Our Panama there was a scheme  
Long talked of, to pursue a  
Short cut through the Isthmus  
By Lake Nicaragua.  
John Bull discussed the plan on foot,  
With slow irresolution,  
While Yankee Doodle went and put  
It into execution.  
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

A steamer of the Collier line,  
A Yankee Doodle's cotton,  
Has also opened out the line  
Across the Atlantic ocean.  
And British agents, away slow  
Her merits to discover,  
Have been not brought her—just to tow  
The Collier package over.  
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

Your gunsmiths of their skill may crack,  
But that again don't matter;  
I guess that Colt's revolver whack  
Their very first invention.  
By Yankee Doodle too, you're beat  
Downright in agriculture.  
With his machine completely lickered,  
Chopped up as by a villager.  
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

You also fancied, in your pride,  
Which truly is true,  
That British locks of yours defied  
The rigors of all creation;  
But Chubb's and Bramah's Hobs has picked,  
And you must now be viewed all  
As having been completely lickered  
By Yankee Doodle.  
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

## AGRICULTURE.

**HARVESTING WINTER APPLES.**—In harvesting apples, especially those intended for winter, they should be carefully picked by hand in bright clear weather. All bruises are not only injurious as tending to decay, but they render the fruit partially worthless. Some fruit growers pick their fruit in the last of September, before completely ripe, and allow it to shrivel a little before packed in barrels, as it will keep well under its treatment. Such fruit is not equal in quantity to that well ripened on the tree.—In very warm locations, winter fruit is frequently ripe by the last of September.—Most fruit growers allow their winter apples to remain on the trees until October, and become thoroughly ripe.

After picking the fruit, pack carefully in barrels, and head up closely. The following is the mode of management in that section. The barrels are piled up horizontally in cool, open sheds, or in the shade of trees or buildings, and sometimes in open spaces, covered with boards laid over the barrels, to keep off sun and rain, and allowed to remain until November, till there is no danger of their freezing. Apples thus managed will escape a severe frost. The thermometer may be ten or twelve degrees below freezing, or the weather cold enough to freeze half an inch thick. We have known apples to escape when the thermometer was 20 degrees below freezing; but there is a risk in leaving them out in so cold weather. When the weather becomes too cold for them to be safe out of doors, put them in a cold cellar. Some fruit growers put into the cellar immediately after harvesting. Whether apples are put into the cellar early or late, the cellar should be well ventilated in clear weather when the wind is north or west; but kept shut up closely when the wind is in other directions. This should be practised even in winter, when there is no danger of apples freezing.

## RECIPIES.

**PRESERVATION OF PLUMS, PEACHES, &c.**—The following is surely worth the trial:—"An English publication states that plums and peaches may be preserved sweet through the year by the following process:—Beat well up together equal quantities of honey and spring water; pour it into an earthen vessel, put in the fruits all freshly gathered and cover them quite close. When any of the fruit is taken out, wash it in cold water, and it is fit for immediate use."

**A BACHELOR'S FIDDLING.**—Four ounces of grated bread, the same of currants and apple, two ounces of sugar, three eggs, a little essence of lemon, and ground cinnamon; boil it three hours.

**VERMICELLI SOUP.**—Take three quarts of gravy soup, and six ounces of vermicelli; simmer half an hour, frequently stirring.

## SELECTED TALES.

### A DAY AT THE PARSONAGE.

The frugal breakfast was over, and the wife and mother was composing her children, and her still beautiful face, for the morning devotions, when a sharp ring was heard at the street door, and a coarse, rough looking man entered.

Morning, sir, was the friendly salutation: I come to see if you'd go to Jim Crawford's funeral—it's this afternoon.

Where did he live, sir, civilly inquired the clergyman; I think I have not known such a person.

Likely—for he never went to meeting; he lives out on the Gore; it's better than two miles. But will you come to the funeral at two o'clock?

Yes, I will try to be there in time, answered Mr. Morris.

My dear, said the wife, looking anxiously at her husband; you ought not to go so far this chilly day, with your cold; and you must not think of walking.

I must go Mary, and I fear I must walk, for I dare not look my bill at the livery stable in the face. But my children, we will be quiet now; and, Clara dear, you may read.

Scarcely had the last petition of the good man died away, before another ring of the door bell startled the little flock, and a green shawl and orange scarf made their appearance, simultaneously with their owner, Miss Crump, who was a thin, sharp visaged person, with keen black eyes, which seemed to know if a cap or collar were put on the least awry; and every body knew that the finest fabric, or the shyest spider, never escaped her vigilance.

Miss Crump was accompanied by her friend Mrs. Drake, who had such a severe self righteous expression in her face, that I always felt in her presence, in spite of my better judgment, that Mrs. Drake was sitting near a very unworthy person. Her eyes seemed all the time to be saying, "I must and will do my duty, however painful it may be," and for what matter, her lips never quivered with her neighbors.

Poor Mrs. Morris looked anxiously at the undusted chairs and tables; Miss Crump looked with her two twinkling eyes at Mrs. Morris, and at the same time seemed to be scanning every article of furniture in the room.

Mrs. Drake looked with awful gravity at her victim for some time, and then she opened those solemn lips, and said that she had called that morning on very important business. She was very sorry, but her duty, however painful, must be performed. She thought it was proper that Mr. Morris should be present, as it concerned him vitally.

Mr. Morris, who had gone to his study was summoned from his unfinished page to attend to this vitally important matter.

Mrs. Drake looked at Miss Crump, and Miss Crump twinkled at Mrs. Drake, and that lady commenced:

I regret extremely that I am called here on such an unpleasant errand; but you know my dear friend, that my duty, however painful, must be performed; and as this is a matter which affects the church deeply, I feel that it would be wrong in me to keep silent longer.

Miss Crump's eyes twinkled now till they seemed like two tiny sparks of fire.—Mrs. Drake's severity increased, and she proceeded.

It is reported, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, in this village, that you keep in your house a pack of cards, and that you both are in the habit of spending whole evenings, with your children in playing cards. This is practising very different from what you preach, Mr. Morris, and the influence upon younger people will be the most awful.

Mrs. Drake, said Mr. Morris, I am surprised that any one knowing me, should have believed the story for one moment.—Will you tell me who your informer was?

Who, said Mrs. Drake, looking very much "I am loiter than thou," I am not at liberty to give names, but in the first place a young lady went into your parlor in the evening, and she saw you all seated about the centre table, playing cards. She said they were hastily put into the drawer. Since that time people have watched a little, and have seen you doing the same thing repeatedly.

Have watched me, asked Mr. Morris, how?

Why, the window, when the curtains were drawn aside.

A flash of indignation shot across Mr. Morris' face, but he was a minister, and down went the burning thoughts; they must not pass his lips although impudence deserved reproof.

Mrs. Morris' hitherto distressed face broke into a smile almost sarcastic, as she

walked quickly to the drawer of the sunning centre-table, and took from thence a bundle of cards, each one bearing a set of questions and answers.

Here they are, said she, giving them to the ladies; our children call them the Geography cards; and we do often ask and answer the questions in order that we may amuse and instruct them at the same time. Miss Crump gave two or three very short sharp coughs, and arose to say good morning.

Mrs. Drake, looking as if she were the most persecuted of human beings, arose and said she felt it her duty to pay some visit in Silver street before dinner.

The pastor went with a worn out look to his sermon, to take up the thread of thought which had been so rudely broken; and the wife went with a long sigh to the baby she had neglected for the morning call. She had scarcely soothed it into slumber before she was summoned to meet Miss Dutton.

Well Mrs. Morris, I have come to spend a part of the day with you quite in the family way; now don't put yourself out at all. Then taking off her bonnet and shawl she seated herself down in the best chair, dragged the knitting from the green bag and began to knit and rock; unwinding at the same time with her sharp tongue all the news she had gathered since her last visit.

She informed Mrs. Morris that she dined the other day at Dr. Hall's, and that he had nothing on the table she could eat, she never could bear a boiled dinner; she did like something that relished. Poor Mrs. Morris began to think on the resources of her larder, and fled to the kitchen to consult with her maid of all work, as to dinner prospects.

Biddy, you may get both the steak and salmon for dinner. But you'll be wanting the fish for dinner to-morrow morn, said Biddy, startled at this unusual prodigality.

I know it, but we must do without it, Miss Dutton is here to-day, and she is particular about such things; we will try to please her.

The dinner which was also relished by an agent for the amelioration of the condition of the Jews, being over, Miss Dutton began to think of some neighbors she might gossip with over a dish of tea, soon took her leave, with the green bag, much to Mrs. Morris' comfort.

One hour of quiet, the tired mother found in her nursery. At the expiration of that time, a very fat warm-looking woman, with a butterfly daughter on her arm, bustled into the parlor; and Mrs. Morris left her children with a sigh, to have a session with Mrs. Horton and her daughter Mary.

Mrs. Morris, cried she, with her shrill, piping voice, a few of us ladies have for some time been thinking that we would make you a present. I mean those ladies that's friendly to you. Mary and myself started a thing at one of the deacon's meetings. We have heard that you was going to get a new black silk dress. I have spent the whole of two days in going about with a subscription paper, and have at last got about money enough to buy a pretty good one; my daughter and myself headed the subscription with one dollar.

Mrs. Morris began to murmur her thanks for the intended kindness, and said she had needed such a dress for some time.

But said Mrs. Horton, we have heard that you intended cutting up your old one for Susan, and we don't think it would be the most economical plan; de'laines and calicoes are good enough for my children to wear when they are young, and we ladies have concluded about it and think you had better keep the old one, to save the new, in that case we will get you a dress, and a good one, for I don't think Susan is old enough to take care of a silk dress.

I cannot promise, Mrs. Horton, said Mrs. Morris, a rosy hue tingling her cheek. Mrs. Horton, a rosy hue tingling her cheek, to be governed altogether by the ladies, in regulating the wardrobe of my children, I ought to be the best judge of their wants.

Very well, Mrs. Morris—and the fat lady seemed to grow warm in the face—very well if you don't choose to accept a dress from us, we will not make any further effort. We have had minister's families here who had some gratitude and were willing to be advised. Mary, my daughter, shall we go?

Poor Mrs. Morris began to be frightened at the amount of spirit she had manifested, and she now attempted in the way of an apology.

The ladies are very kind to think of me I assure you, madam; I am very grateful for—

Mrs. Horton, said interrupting the indignant lady. You seem to know best. I am very happy that you can be so independent

Mary, my daughter, come—good morning Mrs. Morris.

Oh, with a longing for the wings of a dove did Mrs. Morris go to her neglected nursery; her husband had just returned from his long walk, and pale and exhausted, had thrown himself on the lounge. He is wearing his life away, thought she, and we are both neglecting our children, and yet we are called ungrateful; and spies are placed at our house; our home is no home; it belongs to the parish and yet they abuse their own property; we try to do right, but people are constantly finding fault. Mrs. Morris' meditations were soon interrupted by a young girl.

Mrs. Morris, mother wants to know if you will let her have some green tea; she aint got none and Miss Dutton's to our house to tea and she can't drink black.

A visit from some member of this borrowing family was a daily occurrence.—Coffee, tea, sugar, flour, ginger, all articles used in house-keeping, went in a small blue cup, or a large tin pail, from the parsonage to this family, many times a week, but nothing of the kind ever travelled back. Why the minister had seven hundred dollars a year.

So Abby, Miss Dutton is visiting your mother this evening; I thought she was going to Mrs. Cutler's.

Well I guess she was, but they wasn't to home, she said she was here to dinner, and she had a real nice one, but she said she shouldn't think you could live on your salary, you are so extravagant; you had two sorts of meat and real rich pies—mother wants to know too, if you will let her have some meal for hot cakes in the morning; Sam's bringing over a pail.

Is it not cruel, dear husband, said Mrs. Morris, when I tried so much to please Miss Dutton. I knew she was a fault finder; let us do as well as our circumstances will allow, let us act from the kindest motives, let us deny ourselves to gratify others, and we are blamed; but must we always be watched and worried in our own home?

Mary dear, said the husband, we will try to do right, if we are blessed; we will try to please our heavenly father. You must have a bold heart, Mary; where right is concerned, and not suffer trifles to make you miserable. Look beyond, dearest, there lies the charm which will drive away all evil.

There was a timid rap at the nursery door, and a moment after a pale little girl very poorly clad entered the room.

Mother sent you these, said the child, in a low sweet voice.

Mrs. Morris looked at her with surprise, for she was the daughter of a man who seemed lost to all virtue, by that worst of vices, intemperance. Your mother sent them; said she.

Yes madam, father caught them this morning, he wanted mother to send them here.

Have you ever seen such beautiful trout husband? Your mother is very kind, Grace, and I thank you my dear for bringing them to me. Sit down and rest yourself; you are tired.

I cannot stay, said the pale girl, my mother will need me soon. May I speak to Mr. Morris?

Oh, yes, said the pastor, rising from the lounge towards her; say anything you wish my child; have no fear, and he laid his hand kindly on her head, from which the faded shawl had fallen.

The bosom of the young girl heaved and her lips quivered with agitation.

Oh, sir, will you please come over and talk with my father? he is very bad.

Is he ill, Grace?

He is in distress sir, he says he has been so wicked and mother thinks you can do him good. He has not drank any (Grace continued in a low voice) since you talked with him two weeks ago; he says you were so kind with him. Oh, Mr. Morris, we all thank you so much, no one has seemed to care for father but you; and if you could just go over and talk with him now.

Yes, Grace, I will go with you now, I am very glad to go.

He took her hand and she with her full heart beating like the surging sea, led the way to her humble home.

Now, Mary, said our beloved pastor, as he returned at a late hour from the brightening home of the young Grace and her penitent father, would you not suffer many such days of trial and annoyance as this has been to you for one such reformation.

The wife uncovered her face; and turned her eyes, swollen with weeping, upon her husband.

He was answered. The unspoken gratitude of that pale suffering child had touched a cord in her heart which had never vibrated to the rude grasp of coarser nature.

## DISSEMINATIONS.

### Novel Reading.

Novel-Reading is pernicious to man as an intellectual being. Novels make few appeals to reason. This neglect soon engenders an aversion to profound thought, which results in inability. They are not reliable in point of history, and to the novel-reader history and all truly instructive reading, soon becomes void of interest.—Neither do novels refine the imagination, as they are said to do. The imagination is refined by the contemplation of the pure, the beautiful, the perfect, and the sublime; while the characters of novel literature are the distortion of these high attributes.—The practice creates a vague habit of reading, and injures the memory. It is insatiable, and leaves the mind in a perplexed and painful state, and often terminates in insanity.

Novel-reading is pernicious to man as a social being. Authors who are practical examples of social infidelity, will not inculcate this virtue strongly in their productions. It is asserted that an eminent foreign novelist closed his door against his noble and confiding wife, because she refused being accessory to his connubial perfidy. Another popular author is known to be practically void of respect for the social relations of men.

Novels often endow their heroes with angelic natures, place them in gilded palaces, encircled with wealth and luxury.—Life is represented as void of all labor and care, and the characters are pictured as living in the extreme of bliss. With what rapture the ardent, youthful mind gazes upon the splendid picture! How soon the appropriate duties of life become irksome. He flies from home and friends and innocence, and plunges into the rude world to swell the number of the social lost. Such reading promotes domestic discords and separations. It promotes a neglect of domestic duties by preoccupying the mind. It promotes a petulance of disposition by holding the mind long in an intense state of reverie and excitement, and then suffering its sudden reaction.—It promotes melancholy and dejection by picturing conditions in life which are so far above reality that they cannot be attained. It promotes extravagant ideas of life, and thereby reduces many happy families to want. By painting human nature in ideal forms, it promotes disrespect and inconstancy in friendship, and subverts the pure simplicity of domestic love.

Novel-reading is pernicious to man as a religious being. Eminently good men are not generally authors of novels. One whose moral principles are not fixed, is not a beacon for others to follow. A polluted heart will betray itself, let the mesh which it may employ be however ingeniously woven. Every incidental precept of virtue will be counteracted by a volume of vice. Such reading produces a recklessness of religious deportment, and pollutes the fountain of religious action. It perverts money and time, and presents an injurious example. It withdraws the soul from the contemplation of the divine and eternal, and fills it with regrets when the awful hour of retrospection comes.

The most devoted student can read but a small portion of the vast world of books. Duty and expediency prompt him to make such a selection as will tend to heighten his aspirations for a sublime and happy destiny.—*Amer. Messenger.*

### Landscapes.

AN AUCTIONEER indulged in the following little bit of the pathetic:—"Gentlemen if my father and mother stood where you do, and didn't buy these elegant boots when they were going for one dollar, I should feel it my duty as a son to tell them, both that they were false to themselves and false to their country."

A DIVINE in Kent, seldom in church, but a rigid Justice of the Peace, having a vagrant brought before him, said surlily—"I'll teach you the law, you vagabond, I'll warrant you."

"It would be much more becoming" answered the poor fellow, "if you would teach me the gospel."

A "NOTION SELLER" was offering Yankee clocks, finely varnished and gaudily colored, and with a looking-glass front, to some one not remarkable for personal charms. "Why, it's beautiful," said the vender. "Beautiful, indeed! a look at it almost frightens me!" "Then, mister," replied Jonathan, "guess you'd better buy one that ha'n't got no looking-glass."

A FRENCH CARICATURE represents Louis Napoleon trying on a crown, which had slipped over his face, upon which he remarks—truly my uncle had a greater head than I.

## A Beautiful Extract.

The following truly beautiful and pathetic sketch we extract from the editorial correspondence of the N. Y. Day Book. The editor is on a visit to Windham, Greene County, N. Y., the home of his childhood.

Right here between the mountains rising on either side up to the very heavens, and before and behind you as you face the east or the west, throwing their arms and locking in each other's embrace, my father, sixty-eight years ago last April, then a boy of eleven, travelling with his father, (an old soldier of the French war,) on foot from Massachusetts west, encamped beside yonder high rock for the night. This little brook that gurgles and ripples along at our feet was then full of speckled trout, and the next morning furnished the father and son with a delicious breakfast. Here foxes and squirrels and partridges darted and fluttered in the woods. Deer came down from the hill, and drank in the brook where they were fishing or cropped the leaves from the bushes that covered them in their tent, and there were none to molest or make afraid. Pleased with the open valley, the mountain scenery, the clear stream and clearer sky, the bright sun which gilded the hill-tops in its rising, and dwined and played on their summits, so gloriously in its setting, the old soldier resolved to live and die here. Scarred with wounds, and almost worn out in the service of his country, for he had been through two long wars, he here found a resting place. In yonder little churchyard lie his bones, and those of nearly all his family.

The forest went down before his axe—the wilderness became a garden—and this valley soon teemed with the busy haunts of men, and life and activity were seen all around. Factories, shops, school-houses and churches sprang into existence, and what but a few years ago was alone the abode of wild beasts, became really a happy valley, where men delight to dwell.

Twenty-two years after the first night's encampment—forty-six years ago—my father purchased this farm from Mr. Livingston, who received his grant of it from the crown of England. At that time people were glad to take the land and pay rent, and deemed it a privilege to cultivate the ground upon the terms offered. He built him a house, improved his land, and here upon this spot, in this little basin between these cloud-capped hills, reared and educated eleven children, all of whom lived to see his grey hairs whitened with the frost of seventy winters. For more than forty years, he gathered them daily around the family altar, offered up his heartfelt thanks to the Supreme Ruler of the universe, for the protection and mercies granted unto them, and an earnest appeal that their lives, and health, and character might be precious in his sight, and his favors and blessings continued unto them while in this world.

During the last seventeen years, I have made my yearly pilgrimage to this 'home of my fathers.' As yearly the seasons return, and the golden harvest blesses the husbandman, and covers the valley with its riches, so the sons and daughters of the good old man have returned to his roof to eat of the ripening fruits and receive his blessing. His white locks, till now, have ever met me at the gate—his outstretched but withered hand has clasped mine in the cordial and warm embrace—and his placid and earnest smiles have spoken the fullness of joy in a parent's heart, at a child's return.

But alas, there is a change! With my two little ones clad in their mourning robes, on Saturday at noon I descended from the stage and walked sadly toward the house.—No trembling form, no white hairs, no outstretched hand, no father was there to meet me! The sun shone bright and beautiful as ever, the mountain smiled, the stones, the trees, the hill-sides, the green fields and the waving corn, all looked as familiar and friendly as when in my school-boy days I chased the birds and the butterflies in the gleeful ecstasy of young existence. Others may have buried a child and a father in one short season, as I have done—may have seen the two extreme ends of life mount together to that joy which is eternal, and may, perhaps, have felt as I did, at the moment when putting my hand upon the old gate—the full realizing sense of their departure burst upon me. I know not what I may be called upon to pass through, but if there be allotted to me a sadder or more melancholy day than this, God grant that I may pass away before that day comes.

"Why do you not admire my daughters!" said a proud mother to a gentleman. "Because I am no judge of painting." "But surely," replied the lady, not in the least disconcerted by this rude reflection, "You never saw an angel that was not painted."

## An Afflicted Family.

The following account of the sufferings of a family, who were determined to be "in the fashion," should act as a warning:

Young ladies should know that the "French twist," which is popular among them as a style of dressing the hair, is a dangerous adornment. One of our eminent surgeons was called upon, a few days ago, to perform upon the head of a young lady, who had actually torn the skin from the cranium, by reason of the tightness of the "twist." The family of which she is a member, has been peculiarly afflicted.—A young sister, a short time since, had the cartilage of both her ears torn by the weight of her earrings, and one of her arms became paralysed in consequence of the tightness of her bracelet. This happened on the very same day that another sister put her thumb out of joint, endeavoring to get a tight kid glove upon her hand. An elder sister was so much addicted to the use of cosmetics, that having been attacked by the measles, the disease was unable to work its way out, in consequence of the manner in which the pores of her face were put up with pearl-powder. Saffron-tea and warm drinks were unavailing. The disease struck in, the unfortunate lady died, and on her death-bed confessed that she had chalked out her own fate. Another sister, agonized at this officiating dispensation, went into a rapid decline, the consequence of an acute spinal disease, caused by the "odious style of long dresses" now in vogue. The fact produced such an excitement upon another, the last child of this unfortunate family, that in her anxiety and enthusiasm on the subject of the "Bloomer dress," she has become an incurable lunatic, and is confined in a cell adjoining that of the unfortunate mother of the "afflicted ones," whose insanity was caused by lacing herself so tightly that she nearly starved herself by choking up the alimentary canal. Awful, indeed!

### The Desert.

One of the most striking characteristics of Africa are the deserts, and nothing can be more desolate than the appearance presented by them. They have generally a flat and uniform surface, only chequered by moving hills of sand, which, like the billows of the mighty ocean, are raised one instant and levelled again the next, by sudden bursts of wind. Few trees diversify the scene, save here and there a miserable stunted thorn, withering under a scorching sun and unclouded sky of intense and dazzling blue. No cooling breezes can ever visit it; for the earth resembles a vast sheet of heated metal; and the winds which sweep over it are like blasts from a burning furnace. The effect of these winds can scarcely be conceived by the inhabitants of a temperate climate. They come in violent gusts from the mountains; piercing, though hot, and loaded with sand so fine as to be almost imperceptible, but which penetrates into every crevice. Sometimes they rage with the fury of a tornado; bending the loftiest palms like reeds, and rolling the sand before them in mighty columns, overwhelming the whole country through which they pass.

### Gambling.

The passion for gambling is very general. In the form of bets, lotteries, or games of chance, there are few young men who are not at some period exposed to the temptation and ensnared by the cunning gamester. It is a genteel vice, and does not shock the novitiate like those of grosser forms. It leads its victim by gentle and almost imperceptible steps into its vortex. But it is as insatiable as the grave; and few who once become fired with the excitement of the billiard-room or the card-table, return to the paths of virtue. It is also a parent vice. The fevered brain calls for new stimulants, and hence the bar and the dram-shop are the inevitable accompaniments of the gaming-house. The brochel is in the same neighborhood. Suicide is often at the door. Theft and robbery not unfrequently help the loser to new means of hazard.

### The Memory of the Dead.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas, how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten!—*Dickens.*











